

# THE JOURNAL.

Friday, June 20, 1845.

FOR CONGRESS,  
**HON. JAS. J. M'KAY,**  
OF BLADEN COUNTY.

Single copies of the JOURNAL to be had at  
the office, at 6 cents a piece.

Dr. Duncan's Speech for sale at this office.  
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## COUNTY COURT CLERKSHIP.

We are authorized to announce L. H. Marsteller, as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk.

## DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

Reader, the dark drapery in which today's Journal is clad, but faintly pictures forth the melancholy gloom which overshadowed this vast empire. Gen'l Jackson is no more! The great master spirit of his country, and of his age, has sunk down into the dark waters of death! On Sunday evening, the 8th inst., at the hour of 6 o'clock, the soul of the HERO, the SAGE, and the CHRISTIAN, took its departure, for realms of light. What emotions will this announcement create in the breasts of millions of American freemen! Melancholy though these emotions are, still they will be mingled with feelings of an allowable pride, and of a sad subdued joy. When we contemplate the long and brilliant career of the departed—the lofty virtues—the great and lasting services—the imperishable deeds of the illustrious dead, and when we think that he was a countryman of our own, how can we feel otherwise than proud. When too, we reflect that it has pleased Providence to spare him until he has seen the great measures to the completion, of which, the energies of his whole life were devoted, crowned with success, amidst our mourning, we cannot but feel a species of joy, that God has vouchsafed to spare him to us so long.

We shall not attempt a labored eulogy of the mighty dead. We are incapable. It is written in characters of living light on the annals of his country. It is spoken wherever the name of America is known—wherever around the wide world, the citizen of America may be found, the name of Andrew Jackson, spoken in his ear, never fails to create emotions of pride. Whether in the forum, the Senate, or on the tented field, he was alike great. The star which led him on to the heights of fame, from which he has just made his exit, was a pure and lofty patriotism. His head may have erred sometimes—his heart never. He has departed from amongst us, but the aroma of his virtues and his great deeds, still sheds its grateful perfume on our land. The column of his fame is based on the affections of his countrymen; on its lofty summit, millions yet unborn, will gaze with rapturous pride.

And is he gone! Yes! but his great spirit still hovers over our beloved Union. It still lingers amongst us! May it, now that it has shuffled off its mortal coil, still continue, if possible, to mingle with and guide the destinies of our beloved Republic! No period in Gen. Jackson's life will cast a purer or a more lasting halo around his future fame, than the last moments of his eventful life. He passed away from life, with the calmness of a Christian—the last thoughts which he breathed—the last words which he uttered—were poured forth in aspirations for the welfare of his country.

He is gone! and where shall we find another Andrew Jackson? Who shall occupy the ground where he stood? He is gone! but he has left the impress of his great and noble mind upon the institutions of his mourning country. He is gone! but he has left behind him a living monument, in the breast of every true American.

We shall not attempt to sketch his life. It is written on the hearts of his countrymen. Its incidents illumine the pages of his country's history.

We have devoted a considerable space in today's Journal, to the incidents connected with his death.

First, we give the letter of Gen. Sam'l Houston, addressed to the President, announcing the death of Gen. Jackson. Next, an interesting diary kept by a gentleman whilst at the Hermitage, a few days before his death. Then follows the proclamation of Mr. Polk, and the "general orders" of Mr. Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Armstrong, Secretary of War. The latter is a production of singular eloquence and beauty.

The hero of New Orleans is no more! Peace be with his honored remains!

## HERMITAGE, June 8, 1845.

My dear sir: In deep sorrow I address you this hasty note. At 6 o'clock this evening Gen. Jackson departed this life. He retained his faculties to the last hour. I lament that I was denied the satisfaction of seeing him in his last moments. I was unfortunately delayed in ascending the Mississippi, so that I did not reach Nashville till half-past six this evening. I immediately procured a conveyance, and came out with my family—having understood that the General's health was exceedingly precarious, and being anxious to administer, if I could, some comfort in the closing scene of his eventful life. On my way, a few miles from the city, I met the family physician, who informed me that the General was no more.

About three hours before his departure he conversed for some time with his family, and took an affectionate leave of them, also of his domestics. His physician represents the scene as most affecting; and remarks that he departed with perfect serenity of mind, and with full faith in the promises of salvation through a Redeemer.

I have seen the corpse since my arrival. The visage is much as it was in life.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday

next, at 11 o'clock, a. m. A nation will feel this loss, as a nation has received the fruits of his toil during the best years of his life.

Very truly, your friend,  
**SAM. HOUSTON.**  
His excellency James K. Polk, &c. &c.

## [A Diary about General Jackson.]

HERMITAGE, May 28th, 1845.  
My dear sir: Aware of your desire to know the condition of the patriot of the Hermitage in the closing scenes of his life, I write down, from day to day, during the short visit I make him, what occurs of interest.

On my arrival I found ex-President Jackson more comfortable than he had been, although his disease is not abated, and his long and useful life is rapidly drawing to a close. He has not been in a condition to lie down during the last four months. His feet and legs, his hands and arms are very much swollen with dropsy, which has invaded his whole system. Bandages are drawn tight around the parts most affected to prevent, as much as possible, the increase of the water. He has scarcely any use of his hands. The bandages are removed several times in the 24 hours, and the parts rubbed severely to restore animation. He has not strength to stand. His respiration is very short and attended with much difficulty, and the whole progress of the disease accompanied with great suffering. He gets no sleep except by opiates. His left lung was ruptured many years ago, during the Seminole campaign in Florida, and is entirely destroyed, and the other much diseased. When the dropsy commenced, the cough was extremely severe, and had continued for years, now gave way and almost entirely ceased. These symptoms, which had been a constant nausea and prostration. This change took place early in April, and about the first of May a diarrhoea commenced which seemed to threaten an immediate dissolution. This continued a few days with great suffering, but fortunately reduced the swelling of the whole system. The abatement of the diarrhoea was succeeded by the swelling in all parts, with violent pain and extreme difficulty of breathing, when nature would again relieve itself as above described.

Thursday, May 29.—Gen. Jackson is rather more comfortable, having obtained from opiates some sleep. This day he sat a while to Mr. Healy, who had been sent by Louis Philip (the King of the French) to paint his portrait. Mr. Healy told me that it was the design of the King of the French to place his portrait by the side of that of Washington, which already hangs in his gallery—the most celebrated and interesting historical gallery in the world—to surround them with the pictures of the most eminent American generals and statesmen. Mr. Healy is commissioned by the king to paint the portraits of some twelve of the most distinguished revolutionary patriots—the greatest and best men our country ever produced; also some of the most prominent living politicians of the day. Messrs. John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were named by Mr. Healy to me. Mr. Healy was enabled to make much progress in his work to-day; and, as usual, the General received many visitors, more than thirty. All were admitted, from the humblest to the most renowned, to take the venerable chief by the hand and bid him farewell. Among the visitors was General Jesup, an old friend and companion in arms. The meeting of these most faithful and gallant soldiers and servants of the republic was deeply interesting and affecting. A reverend gentleman called to inquire in regard to the General's health, his faith, and future hope. The General said: "Sir, I am in the hands of a merciful God. I have full confidence in his goodness and mercy. My lamp of life is nearly out, and the last glimmer has come. I am ready to depart, when called. The Bible is true. The principles and statutes of that holy book have been the rule of my life, and I have tried to conform to its spirit as near as possible. Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope for eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Nothing further was said upon the subject.

Friday, May 30.—The General passed a bad night, no sleep—extremely feeble this morning. Mr. Healy, with considerable exertions on the part of the General, was enabled to finish the portrait on which he laboured with great care. It was presented to the General. After examining it for some minutes, he remarked to Mr. Healy: "I am satisfied, sir, that you stand at the head of your profession, if I may be allowed to judge of my own likeness, I can safely concur in the opinion of my family; this is the best that has been taken. I feel very much obliged to you, sir, for the very great labor and care you have been pleased to bestow upon it." The family were all highly gratified with its faithfulness. I consider it the most perfect representation I have ever seen, giving rather the remains of the heroic personage, than the full life that made him the most extraordinary combination of spirit and energy, with a slender frame, the world ever saw.

At 9 o'clock, as is the custom, all the General's family, except the few who take their turn to watch by his side—took their leave of him. Each of the family approached him, received his blessing, bid him farewell, kissed him as it would seem an eternal good night—for he would say my work is done for life. After his family retired it is touching to witness this heroic man, who has faced every danger with unyielding front, offer up his prayers for those whom Providence has committed to his care; that Heaven would protect and prosper them when he is no more—praying still more fervently to God for the preservation of his country, of the Union, and the people of the United States from all foreign influence and invasion—tendering his forgiveness to his enemies, and his gratitude to God for his support and success through a long life, and for the hope of eternal salvation through the merits of our blessed Redeemer.

The General exerts himself to discharge every duty, and with all his anxious care that is possible; but his debility, and the unremitting anguish he suffers, has almost extinguished every power except that of his intellect. Occasionally his distress produces spasmodic affections; yet in the midst of the worst paroxysms of pain, not a murmur, not even a groan escapes his lips. Great and just in life, calm and resigned in death.

Saturday, May 31.—The General passed a distressed night; no sleep—extreme debility this morning, attended with increased swelling of the abdomen, and all his limbs, and difficulty of breathing. He said, "I hope God will grant me patience to submit to his holy will. He does all things well, and blessed be his holy and merciful name." His Bible is always near him; if he is in his chair, it is on the table by his side; when propped up in bed, that sacred volume is laid by him, and he often reads it. He has no power, and is lifted in and out of his sitting posture in bed to the same position in his chair. Nothing can exceed the affectionate care, vigilance, and never-ceasing efforts of his pious and devoted family to administer to his relief; and yet, in the midst of the affliction which calls for so much attention and sympathy, kindness and hospitality to strangers is not omitted.

June 1.—"This day," the General said, "is the holy Sabbath, ordained by God, and set apart to be devoted to his worship and praise. I always attended service at church when I could; but now I can go no more." He desired the family to go, as many as could, and charged them to continue the education of the poor at the Sunday school. This new system of instruction, he said, which blended the duties of religion with those of humanity, he considered of vast importance; and spoke with an emphasis which showed his anxiety to impress it on the family. Mrs. Jackson, and her sister, Mrs. Adams, regularly attended to their instructions on the Sabbath. The General looked out of the window, and said, "this is apparently the last Sabbath I shall be with you. God will be doing as he is kind and merciful." The General's look is often fixed with peculiar affection on his grand-

daughter, Rachel, named after his wife, so beloved, and whose memory he has so tenderly cherished. The young Rachel has all the lovely and amiable qualities for which the elder Mrs. Jackson, was so remarkable.

Monday, June 2.—The General passed a bad night. No sleep. An evident increase of water on the chest. He read many letters, as usual. Some of them were from persons of whom he had no knowledge, asking for autographs, and making other requests. The letters were opened by some of the family. Mrs. Jackson or Mrs. Adams were constantly with him. He looked over them; those of importance were opened and read. Among them was one from Major Donelson, charge of affairs to Texas, giving an account of the almost incredible proceedings of the British agent, Elliot, to prevent the annexation of Texas to the United States. The General said, "we have made a disgraceful sacrifice of our territory; an important portion of our country was given away to England without a shadow of title on the part of the claimants, as has been shown by the admissions of the English ministers on referring, in Parliament, to the King's map, on which the true boundaries were delineated, and of which they were apprised when making their demands."

"Right on the side of the American people, and firmness in maintaining it, he continued, with trust in God alone, will secure to them the integrity of the possessions of which the British government would now deprive them. I am satisfied that they will assert and vindicate what justice awards them; and that no part of our territory or country will ever be submitted to any arbitration but of the cannon's mouth."

He felt grateful to a merciful Providence, that had always sustained him through all his struggles, and in the defence of the continued independence and prosperity of his beloved country, and that he could now give up his stewardship, and resign his breath to God who gave it, with the cheering reflection that the country was now settled down upon a firm democratic basis; that the rights of the laboring classes were respected and protected, (for, he adds, it is from them that the country derives all its prosperity and greatness), and to them we must ever look to defend our soil when invaded. "They have never refused. No, sir; and never will. Give them an honest government, freedom from monopolies and privileged classes, and hard money—not a paper—currency for their hard labor, and all will be well."

At 2 o'clock, p. m. his distress became suddenly very great, and the water increasing to an alarming extent. An express was sent to Nashville, twelve miles, for surgical aid. An operation was performed by doctor Esleman with success; much water was taken from his abdomen, which produced great relief, although extreme prostration.

Tuesday, June 3.—Much distress through the night. Opiates were freely administered, but sleep appeared to have passed from him. Calm and perfectly resigned to the will of his Redeemer, and prayed to God to sustain him in this hour of dissolution.

At 10 a. m.—Doctors Robinson and Walters arrived from Nashville. Doctor Esleman having remained with the General through the night, a consultation was held, and all that had been done was approved; and all that could be done was to conform to the General's temporary wants.

At 4 p. m. I left his house for home. He expressed great solicitude in my behalf, but I was silent; the scene was too affecting; and I left this aged soldier, statesman, and christian patriot, with all the pious and hospitable inmates of the Hermitage, without the power of saying farewell.

Yours, truly,  
**WILLIAM TYACK.**

To PAUL T. E. HOBLES, Esq., City of N. York.

By the President of the United States.  
ANDREW JACKSON is no more! He departed this life on Sunday, the 8th inst., full of days and full of honors. His country deprecates his loss, and will ever cherish his memory. While a nation mourns, it is proper that business should be suspended, at least for one day, in the executive departments, as a tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

I accordingly direct that the Departments of State, the Treasury, War, the Navy, the Post Office, the office of the Attorney General, and the Executive Mansion, be instantly put into mourning; and that they be closed during the whole day to-morrow.

JAMES K. POLK.  
WASHINGTON CITY, June 16, 1845.

## GENERAL ORDER.

WASHINGTON, June 16, 1845.

The President of the United States with heartfelt sorrow, announces to the army, the navy, and the marine corps, the death of Andrew Jackson. On the evening of Sunday, the eighth day of June, about six o'clock, he resigned his spirit to his heavenly Father. The nation, while it laments with grief the death of its most illustrious citizen, will find solace in contemplating his venerable character and services. The valley of the Mississippi beheld in him the bravest, and wisest, and most fortunate of its defenders. The country raised him to the highest trusts in military and in civil life, with a confidence that never abated, and an affection that followed him in undiminished vigor to retirement, watched over his latest hours, and pays its tribute at his grave. Wherever his lot was cast, he appeared amongst those around him first in natural endowments and resources, not less than first in authority and station. The power of his mind impressed itself on the policy of his country, and still lives, and will live forever, in the memory of its people. Child of a forest region, and a settler of the wilderness, his was a genius which, as it came to the guidance of affairs instinctively attached itself to general principles, and, inspired by the truth which his own heart revealed to him in singleness and simplicity, he found always a response in the breast of his countrymen. Crowned with glory in war, in his whole career, as a statesman, he showed himself the friend and the lover of peace. With an American heart, whose throbs were all for republican freedom and his native land, he yet longed to promote the widest intercourse, and the most intimate commerce between the many nations of mankind. He was the servant of humanity. Of a vehement will, he was patient in council, deliberating long, hearing all things; yet in the moment of action, deciding with rapidity. Of a noble nature, and incapable of disguise, his thoughts lay open to all around him, and won their confidence by his ingenuous frankness. His judgment was of that solidity, that he ever tempered vigor with prudence. The flushings of anger could never cloud his faculties, but rather kindled and lighted them up, quickening their energy without disturbing their balance. In war, his eye at a glance discerned his plans with unerring sagacity; in peace, he proposed measures with instinctive wisdom, of which the inspirations were prophecy. In discipline stern, in a just resolution inflexible, he was full of the gentlest affections, ever ready to solace the distressed, and to relieve the needy; faithful to his friends, fervid for his country; indifferent to other rewards, he aspired throughout life to an honorable fame, and so loved his fellow-men, that he longed to dwell in their affectionate remembrance. Heaven gave him length of days and he filled them with deeds of greatness. He was always happy; happy in his youth, which shared the achievement of our national independence; happy in his after years, which beheld the valley of the West covered with the glory of free and ever increasing States; happy in his age, which saw the people multiplied from two to twenty millions, and freedom

and union make their pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; thrice happy in death, for while he believed the liberties of his country imperishable, and was cheered by visions of its constant advancement, he departed from this life in full hope of a blessed immortality, through the merits and atonement of his Redeemer.

Officers of the army, the navy, and the marine corps, will wear crepe on the left arm and on their swords; and the colors of the several regiments will be put in mourning, for the period of six months. At the naval stations, and on public vessels in commission, the flags will be worn at half-mast for one week; and on the day after this order is received, twenty-one minute guns will be fired, beginning at 12 o'clock. At each military station, the day after the reception of this order, the national flag will be displayed at half-staff from sunrise to sunset; thirteen guns will be fired at day-break; half-hour guns during the day; and at the close of the day a general salute. The troops will be paraded at 10 o'clock, and this order read to them, on which the labors of the day will cease.

Let the virtues of the illustrious dead retain their influence, and when energy and courage are called to trial, emulate his example.

GEORGE BANCROFT,  
Acting Secretary of War, and  
Secretary of the Navy.

## HONOR TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

We call the attention of our readers, to whatever sect or party they may belong, to the call made by the town authorities, for a meeting of the citizens of Wilmington, on the occasion of General Jackson's death. We hope the meeting may be full—that all party feeling will be laid aside; and that the feelings of regret and sorrow which surcharge every American heart, may be poured forth in one simultaneous torrent, as well by those who differed, as by those who agreed with Gen. Jackson whilst alive.

We trust then, that the meeting may be well attended. In honoring the memory of the illustrious dead, we honor ourselves. His name and his fame, belong not to any party. They are the common property of all Americans. They should be sacred to all.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of the town of Wilmington, held on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., the following resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That John McRae, M. P., and Wm. A. Wright, Esq., be a committee, who, in the event of the confirmation of the rumor, which reached this place to-day, of the death of Andrew Jackson, one of the ex-President's of the United States, shall, at such time and place as they may designate, call upon the citizens of Wilmington to meet together, and adopt such measures as may be expressive of their feelings for this national bereavement.

H. JAMES, Town Clerk.

In conformity with the foregoing resolution of the Commissioners of the town of Wilmington, the undersigned request the citizens of Wilmington, to meet together at 5 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, the 20th inst., at the Masonic Hall.

JOHN M'RAE, } Committee.  
WM. A. WRIGHT, }

## MEDICAL STUDENTS.

We call the attention of those who are about to enter upon the study of Medicine, to the advertisement of Dr. Dunbar, which will be found in another column. We have conversed with a gentleman in this town, who informs us that the Card of Dr. Dunbar speaks nothing more than the truth. That the facilities afforded the student, are such as will amply compensate him in after life, for the additional expense which he will incur in the attainment of his diploma.

## Dreadful Fire!

In another column of this week's Journal, will be found a detailed account of the dreadful fire which visited our sister town, Fayetteville, on last Friday morning. It would seem, from some cause or other, that fires have been much more frequent and destructive, during the last six months, than at any period for a great many years. Not a paper we take up, but we find in it a paragraph headed "destructive fire," "awful conflagration," or the like. The fire of Friday last, is the most destructive which has visited Fayetteville since 1831. We see by the Carolinian, that brother Bayne has been more fortunate than most of his neighbors. He has not lost much; but enough to be felt severely. The Observer office was totally destroyed. We publish Mr. Hale's card to his patrons, as we find it in the Carolinian. We sympathize with him deeply, but feel assured, that in a very short time, he will rise from the calamity with renewed vigor and energy. Brother Hale is not the man to be cast down by misfortune. Now is the time, if ever, for the respective friends of these two presses, to step forward and lend them their helping hands. For the particulars of this awful fire, we refer to the article of the Carolinian, prepared for that paper by the editor of the Observer.

## Singular Relic.

From the Newbernian, of the 10th inst., we learn that the iron bolts through which the chains were passed, that confined Christopher Columbus in the dungeon, at the city of St. Domingo, had arrived in Newbern. These singular relics of tyranny, around which, so many associations must gather, were brought to that town, together with the papers of Robert S. Moore, whose death we recorded some time ago. He was purser of the Vandalia, and obtained them whilst on a visit to St. Domingo, some time before his death.

## FRESH DIFFICULTIES IN THE CHURCH.

Every thing progresses with almost magical rapidity in the West. 'Tis said that in Missouri, the ladies wear bustles so large, that they can't get into the church doors. A dreadful state of things, and likely to create serious difficulties, as the male portion of the congregation refuse to enlarge the doors, and the ladies are equally decided in their determination to stick to their continuations.

## FOURTH OF JULY MEETING.

A meeting of the citizens of Wilmington, was held at the office of Messrs. Holmes & Meares, on Friday last, the 14th inst., for the purpose of making arrangements for celebrating the approaching anniversary of our national birth-day.

The meeting was organized by calling W. A. Wright, to the Chair, and appointing David Fulton, Secretary.

The Chairman explained the objects of the meeting, which were, in the first place, to select some gentleman who would deliver an oration on the coming fourth, and in the second place, to appoint a committee, whose duty it should be, to make the proper arrangements for the occasion.

On motion of Dr. J. F. McRee, Jr., it was unanimously resolved that Thos. D. Walker, Esq., be called upon to favor his fellow-citizens with an address on the ensuing fourth of July.

On motion of L. H. Pearce,

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair, to communicate with Mr. Walker, and ascertain from him whether he may find it convenient to meet the wishes of his fellow-citizens, by complying with the tenor of the foregoing resolution, and also, that this committee be empowered to make all the necessary arrangements for the approaching celebration.

The Chair nominated the following gentlemen to constitute this committee, viz: Messrs. Dr. J. F. McRee, Jr., John McRae, Jr., and R. B. Wood.

On motion of E. Hall, Jr., resolved that the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the papers of the town for publication.

No other business appearing, the meeting adjourned sine die.

W. A. WRIGHT, Ch'n.  
DAVID FULTON, Sec'y.

## OUR ADOPTED CITIZENS.

Who that recollects the 4th of November, that does not also remember the torments of abuse which the discomfited whigs poured out upon their successful opponents, the democrats. How they literally foamed at the mouth; especially those of them who happened to have lost their money on Henry Clay, or who were expecting office in the event of his election. Our readers will particularly recollect how the federal presses anathematized the adopted citizens of the Union, for daring to vote the democratic ticket;—how they especially "cursed" the d—d Irish, who cast their votes for Polk and Dallas. We have no doubt many of the whigs to-day look back with heart-felt regret, upon the foolish and uncalled-for denunciations in which they indulged, whilst writhing under the pangs of defeat. In charity at least, we hope they do. And we have no doubt that the good sense of the denounced, has already, in a great measure, generously forgiven their denunciations, whose bile was so stirred up by their overthrow, as to make them almost insensible to the foul injustice of the language which they belched forth under the operations of the copious doses of Polk berries, which were so unceremoniously administered to them by the democratic "medicine men" at the ballot-box. How ungenerous and unjust these attacks of the federal presses were, at least, so far as one great class of our adopted citizens are concerned, the natives of Ireland, recent fortuitous circumstances have amply demonstrated. We refer to the course which the "repeal associations" in this country have pursued. We stated a few weeks ago, that most of these societies had broken up, in consequence of the language which Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish leader, had adopted towards the inhabitants of the Union.

The New York City Repeal Association, held a meeting a few days since, for the purpose of determining the course which its members should pursue under the circumstances. Amongst other resolutions, the following was adopted:

"Resolved, That should it become certain that England intends to carry into effect the Thirteenth and Thirteenth Acts of the Union, Robert Peel, that then the Executive Committee of this Association be instructed to take efficient measures for the immediate arming, equipping, and drilling of the members of this Association, as volunteer soldiers, to be placed at the disposal of our State or General Government, to repel any aggression on the part of the British Government, and to maintain the rights and liberties of the people of the United States."

Now, be it remembered, that the nineteenth of the members of this Association, are native-born Irishmen. When this resolution was read, the most deafening shouts of applause rent the air. And we feel that we speak the truth when we add, that there is not an Irishman (we mean by birth) in all the length and breadth of our happy land, who will not subscribe to this resolution, with his whole heart and soul. Yes, the warm-hearted sons of the Emerald Isle, who have found a home amongst us, will be found amongst the foremost of those who are ready to lay down their lives in the defence of the honor and the liberty of our common country. Let the foe be an Irishman or an Englishman, who dares to set an invading foot upon the shores of America, the adopted Irishman will be found amongst the first to strike him down.

## THE NORTH CAROLINA FARMER.

The first number of a new periodical, under the above title, has been on our desk for a day or two past. We have looked through its pages, and find them replete with useful agricultural information. We do hope and trust that our citizens throughout the State, will encourage the work. The farming interest is by far the most important in North Carolina, and we do think that the large number of our citizens engaged in agriculture, ought to feel themselves

bound to support a work devoted exclusively to their interest. The "Farmer" will be published at the city of Raleigh, by Thomas J. Lemay, (the editor of the Star,) every month, at one dollar per year, in advance, or one dollar and fifty cents at the end of the year. It will contain each number, 24 octavo pages neatly printed—we wish it success.

## Boyhood—Youth.

When, amidst the turmoil and bustle of life's busy scenes, the mind stratches a moment from the present, and when, in the wand of imagination, it conjures up the scenes of boyhood and youth, what strange emotions does the picture awaken in the mind. When we look on that bright sun-lit picture, and contrast it with the sombre dreary daub which life presents to the eye of maturity, how faint would many of us feel from the disappointments, the toils, and the heart-burnings which beset us at every point, to which we may change to turn on the great theatre of life, to the glad days of boyhood; those days, when the young and ardent imagination painted in bright and glowing colors, the scenes of the future. When we look back upon the bright anticipations of that early period of our lives, and see how their once fragrant leaves are withered and gone, we are almost tempted to regret that we ever emerged from those

"Dear sweet bowers of innocence and ease, Seats of our youth, when every sport could please."

Well do we recollect with what romantic hues, boyhood's fancy tinged the great lands of manhood, to which we so eagerly pressed forward, and well do we now know how sadly, how bitterly, those hues have been destined to fade away before the bleak realities of life. We may be singular in our ideas, but for our own part, we could wish that the castle-building hope of youth would continue to accompany us through the whole march of life. Happiness is only a creature of the imagination at best, and if we were permitted to remain in our after days, the strong hope and exuberant imagination with which we are so amply blessed in the spring time of life, we think that the amount of happiness vouchsafed to manhood, would be vastly increased. But it is the friendless old bachelor, and sometimes the young bachelor too, who feels most bitterly the dreary monotony of real life; who sighs his regret most feelingly o'er the tomb of the bygone hopes, and the by-gone pleasures of youth. How far different do the dry and arid paths of life, over which the weary foot steps of manhood are bent, appear to us now, that we are in reality treading them, in the green bright vistas with which the pencil of hope once decked the future of our boyhood. Oh, how few of us have realized the aspirations of youth! How few of us can look back upon the green spots of early life, without a feeling of sad melancholy. How few, even of the most successful in the great drama of life, can turn over the leaves of the past, without dropping a tear of regret, on the once illumined pages; or who can kneel by the grave, where lie entombed the sweet illusions of early life, without experiencing a feeling of sadness and melancholy, that ever they were dispelled by the boasted judgment and reason of maturity. What comparison do the proud trophies of ambition, which even the most fortunate may chance to achieve, bear to the dreams of youth! And still, see 'what impatient eagerness boyhood exhibits for the arrival of that era in life, when he is to take an eternal leave of the green hills and verdant valleys, and which the path of youth meanders. See how impatient, see how eager he is to launch his bark on the waters of life, so soon and so certainly to be transformed into an ocean of turmoil and tempest. For a while, the youthful voyager pursues with all the ardency of his nature, the gorgeous phantom of happiness, which the pencil of boyhood had painted for him; but alas, how soon does he weary in the chase. How soon is the exuberant spirit with which he started in his career exhausted. How soon does the rude jostling of the world, awaken him from the dream of happiness in which he has slumbered away the morning of life. It is then, for the first time, that he realizes that the world is a pilgrimage, and a dreary one at best.

## THE CLERKS AND THEIR EMPLOYERS.

The few remarks which we intend to make, under this head, are suggested by the communication which will be found below. In the outset, we disclaim any disposition to meddle with the affairs of our merchants. But, at the same time, we think that the subject is one which legitimately falls within the province of the press. And especially do we feel that we have a kind of a license to chat about such matters, as we remember a youth very nearly akin to myself, who, not many years ago, could have subscribed to the sentiments of "Many Clerks," with his whole heart and soul. In the first place then, we think the boon which the clerks of Wilmington seek, at the hands of their employers, is one which, if granted, would prove alike beneficial to the employer, and the employee. Experience, no doubt, has taught our merchant's that there is nothing more essential to their interests, than that those whom they employ, should perform their duties cheerfully, and with a good will. For a clerk who is discontented with his situation, whether from real or imaginary causes, is rather a dead weight to his employer, than otherwise. Every merchant, of any experience, can appreciate the truth of this remark. We think then, as a natural consequence of what we have